

158 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE TEIPSVM!*
[^sflpSTsS

No Body can, at once, two forms admit,
Except the one, the other do d'eface;
But in the Soul, ten thousand forms
do sit, And none intrudes into her
neighbour's place!

All bodies are, with other bodies filled,
But She receives both heaven and earth
together 1 Nor are their Forms, by rash
encounter, spilled, For there they stand,
and neither toucheth either!

Nor can her wide embracements filled be !
For they that most and greatest things
embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity!
As streams enlarged, enlarge the channel's
space.

All things received, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are
received!
So little glasses, little faces make ;
And narrow webs, on narrow frames be
weaved :

Then, what vast body must we make the Mind ?
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns,
seas, and lands, And yet each thing a
proper place doth find, And each thing m
the true proportion stands 1

Doubtless, this could not be, but that
She turns Bodies to Spirits, by
sublimation strange ! As fire converts
to fire, the things it burns ; As we,
our meats into our nature change.

From their gross Matter, she abstracts
the Forms, And draws a kind of
Quintessence from things, Which to
her proper nature, She transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial
wings.

This doth She, when from things
particular, She doth abstract the
universal kinds ! Which bodiless
and immaterial are, And can be
lodged but only in our minds.